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AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE

The Philomathesian Society,

OF

KENYON COLLEGE,

AUGUST 1, 1855.

BY MANNING F. FORCE, ESQ.,

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY.

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ADDRESS.

GENTLEMEN OF THE PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY,

AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

WE have all come to this nursery of learning, to do honor to the graduates of to day. For four years, they have been neither ploughing nor reaping, busy neither with the factory nor the shop; but simply acquiring knowledge. From this day they begin to delve, and plod — and make money. If they continue to increase their learning, it will be not for the sake of learning, but for some ulterior purpose. Hitherto they have been scholars; henceforth they are to be practical men.

By "a scholar," is not meant now, as formerly was meant, simply the student of languages. The man of science, as well as the man of letters, is now called a scholar. He is one who cultivates learning, of whatever sort, provided he cultivates it for its own sake, without reference to its practical application. The chemist and the geologist are scholars as truly as Porson. The student of Psychology is equally entitled to the name; for who would deny the title to Locke, or Kant? The true poet, who studies and analyzes the finer relations of things as closely as the metaphysician, is so far a scholar. Shakspeare exemplifies and illustrates the laws of mind, which others eliminate and announce. The true scholar, then, is one who gets learning, as

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distinguished from one who turns it to practical uses. His aim is not in any way to add to our material wealth, but simply to amplify our knowledge.

Such as he is, all ages have delighted to do him honor. In the primeval civilization of Egypt the scholar was priest; he was hierarch, standing above the civil government. Temples whose sombre grandeur awed the world, were built for his home; the wealth of the people was poured at his feet, and the nation bowed in homage before him. Afterwards, in Greece, the people followed him about to catch wisdom as it dropped from his lips; cities vied with each other in having him for their guest; princes courted his presence and sued for his counsel. Still later, in the Middle Ages, he was the most familiar of Charlemagne's friends; he filled the highest places in the church when the church ruled the world; thousands flocked from the ends of the earth to listen to his teachings at the university; while the unlettered people eyed him askance with dread, but with reverence, as one who had supernatural gifts. Still later, in the last century, when social elegance reached in France its culminating point, the scholar was flattered by the court, courted by the nobility, and applauded by the populace. All this while, learning was a patent of honor; scholarship was a self-sufficient dignity. No one asked what good the scholar did. To say of a man "he is a scholar," was enough.

But coming down to our day, and crossing over to our land, we find all this changed. A people planted on a virgin continent has been busy fitting up a home. It has been as much as it could do, to hew down forests, level hills, fill up valleys, clear away the wilderness, and build up a nation. It has been battling

with physical obstacles; it has been growing in strength and material wealth. In all this, not the scholar, but the practical man, takes the lead. His brawny and stalwart frame delights to grapple with such difficulties. His practical sense, his energy, his stubborn perseverance, his never failing confidence, his perfect self-reliance, subdue them. He is a Titan of physical advancement. Turnpikes, canals, railroads, flash along his foot prints; marshes dry up, dank forests disappear, towns and cities spring forth, fleets deck the waters, and the wealth of the world comes thundering along at his command. He is at home in such work; his proper sphere is building up a new nation.

Meanwhile, he has no patience with metaphysics, abstractions, theories. He knows only the concrete. He deals with hard, physical facts. He likes to see labor followed by a palpable result. His great test is, utility. He puts aside the æsthetic, as child's play, or else a piece of transcendental nonsense. Every thing must pass the ordeal of his question "what is the use?" He wants a practical government, and a strong one; a government that does not trouble itself about the rights of man, about contests for principle, or spend its time in philanthropic movements; but a government that keeps down mobs; one that enacts laws to protect his factory, to help his road, to secure the usury upon his loans. He wants a practical school; not one that teaches Latin, geometry, metaphysics; but one that teaches good sound reading, writing, arithmetic and book-keeping. He wants a practical literature; for instance, newspapers, and perhaps novels that teach political economy. He has a certain toleration for artists; for they indeed manufacture pictures which make up part of his furniture. He regards them as an extravagant sort of

upholsterers. But musicians, poets, scholars, and folk of that sort, he has no respect for. He glowers at the poor scholar and asks, what is his use? When he hears that one spends a month in working out the mathematical formula which shall express the spinning of a top, and another reads every page in Cicero's works to find how the imperfect tense is used after cum, while a third spends two years in watching eggs which produce an animalcule too small to be seen without a microscope, he repeats with angry emphasis, "what is the use of these fellows?"

And he must be answered. He is ruler now; he represents the spirit of the age, and can require an answer. Stand forth then, scholars, and tell what use you may be. I will catch the answer and report it:

First, the Scholar is useful in the most tangible and palpable way. His studies affect the prices in the market, and the comfort of our homes. However visionary his particular study may seem, yet in the long run we are sure to find some practical benefit flowing from it. He is investigating either the laws and relations of mind, or the laws and relations of matter. And while we are so wholly dependent upon the laws of matter and mind, no new light can be thrown upon them without directly affecting us. When the astronomer was studying the stars, to fix their place in the heavens, he was not, it is true, thinking of the perils of commerce on the ocean, but was simply searching for new truth. Nevertheless, he did furnish rules, which the navigator could use, and does use, to determine his place at sea. Other scholars all over the world were watching the vagaries of the magnetic needle; they were thinking only of the nature and laws of the mysterious influence called terrestrial magnetism. But

navigators make use of their labor, and navigation is made more secure, and hence cheaper. Commerce all over the world has been affected by the studies of these men. Not a bale of cotton or a package of goods crosses the ocean, but is cheaper by reason of the star-gazing of the scholar.

The student of pure mathematics is concerned only with the abstract relations of numbers. He revels in his curves and crooked lines, and cabalistic symbols. Yet he has so simplified and systematized the relations of numbers and quantities, that every man who wants to make a calculation, borrows from his work. The instruments of the surveyor, as well as his calculations; the scale, as well as the computations of the house carpenter; the interest tables, annuity tables and life tables, of the insurer, the banker, the merchant, are made by aid of formulæ, which, though now simple as a, b, c, yet were in times past, the result of long and patient study of the mathematician. Hence every railroad that is constructed, every farm and town lot that is surveyed, every house that is built, every insurance that is effected, is so much the cheaper, and the business of the merchant is made so much the speedier, by the labors of the scholar. So, the geologist bored the earth and studied its formation from a pure thirst for knowledge. But the knowledge so gained, is largely used by the practical man when he would know where to dig for the treasures of the earth. Hence coal and salt, and all the metals, are the more abundant and cheaper by reason of his learning. The chemist studies the combinations of matter, he investigates them from the pure thirst for knowledge and truth. Yet practical men have borrowed so copiously from his discoveries that every art is modified by them; our food, furniture, clothing;

our farms, factories, almost every thing we have, has been cheapened in consequence. The investigation of the polarization of light seemed of all things the most remote from practical use, the most whimsical and trivial of learning. Yet it has been used in making a glass very serviceable in detecting shoals and sunken rocks; and in the mechanic arts it is used in analyses too subtle for chemical agents.

The same is true of other scholars, as well as the scientific. Nations are now drawn into such constant communion, that no government can carry on its affairs without a host of linguists for interpreters. The administration of the law affects so many and comprehensive interests, lawyers and courts examine so widely for every thing which can shed light on the questions submitted to them, that the labors of the scholar in languages both ancient and modern are required in the interpretation and ascertainment of the law. Commerce, embracing all nations in its network, requires the aid of the linguist. The staunchest practical man agrees that the school system is of use, as at all events a cheap branch of the police; and yet the true scholar is required to fit the teacher for the school. The practical man admits the church to be of use, at least as a great conservative institution, which, by keeping people quiet, helps to give security to property; and the church calls loudly for all the stores of the most recondite learning to repel the assaults made upon it.

Thus, although the scholar sits aloof from the thoroughfares of business, though he does not plough or build, or manufacture or barter, though he studies with a single view to enlarge the domain of knowledge, yet all the while he incidentally fills the world with benefits of the most tangible and practical sort.

Though Niagara was not built for a mill-race, yet while chanting its eternal hymn of praise, it affords power for any number of mills if the practical man will use it.

The scholar therefore stands the test proposed by the practical He is useful as the practical man understands utility. He does minister, and largely, to our physical wants. But we need not abide by so narrow a standard. He shall be examined in a higher sphere of utility. For hitherto we have been engrossed, like the practical man, with the wants of the body, and have put the mind out of view. Yet we are less assured of the reality of the body than we are of the reality of the mind. For we know the body only through the mind, and while many deny the existence of the body, no one can deny the existence of the mind; the very act of doubting proves its existence, since there must be a mind which doubts. Moreover, while the body, with its wants, keeps our company only a few years, the mind, with its desires, lives forever. And the wants of the mind are as imperative and as important as those of the body. It has appetites which must be satisfied; it craves knowledge as importunately as the body craves food. It needs the amenities of literature wherewith to cloth itself and hide its nakedness. It needs some fixed opinion and belief wherein it can dwell, sheltered from the storms of anxious doubt; it needs tools wherewith to work; and short processes to expedite its labor.

While the practical man is taking care of the body, the scholar is busy supplying all these wants. One is ploughing the fields of science for a wholesome crop of plain facts. Another is busy with curious research, some luxury of learning, for the intellectual epicure. While writers of fiction are cooking up dainties for

the delicate appetite, historians and biographers are weaving good, substantial fabrics to clothe the intellect; while poets and philosophers are spinning most graceful and delicate tissues, resplendent with rainbow hues, for its adornment, and choice spirits are diving into the depths of thought to bring up priceless pearls. Some produce those charming works on which the wearied mind delights to repose, books that are equally welcome by day or night, at home or abroad, without which a household is incomplete, and which indeed, make up our intellectual upholstery. Others with patient toil dig out and build up translations of foreign works, which, like bridges and turnpikes, give convenient access to foreign realms of learning. Others are constructing scientific theories to serve as canals along which investigation more easily flows. Others are building encyclopedias and digests, over which the hurried student flashes through the realms of learning, as on a railroad. Others are manufacturing grammars, dictionaries, mathematical tables and formulæ, tools for the intellect to work with. Some are vigorously tearing down old superstitions, and cleaning out dark, noisome corners of ignorance, the incommodious habitations of early times; while such master-minds as Plato, Calvin, Bacon, are building monumental creeds, so vast and so massive, that generations of nations sit in quiet repose within them. The whole race of scholars is thus hard at work in intellectual fields and factories and workshops, ministering to every intellectual desire.

The scholar is equally useful to society in the aggregate. Knowledge is a necessity to society. Society cannot live without it. Ignorance and barbarism, as well as knowledge and civilization, are eternally linked together. Every increase of the

common fund of learning, is a new impetus to the advance of civilization. The scholar, with his incessant heaping up of knowledge, is pressing on the march. He is continually raising the platform on which humanity rests, and giving a broader horizon to view. However trival may seem the particular labor of any one scholar, it fits in some corner, it fills up some chink, it is a base for something else to stand upon. One may appear, alone, as insignificant as a coral insect; but in the whole brother-hood of scholars, as in the host of insects in a coral reef, each one is doing his own part, and the united labor of all is raising their structure day by day, steadily and inevitably making it the impregnable foundation for a higher life.

The scholar moreover has a useful function in neutralizing the bad qualities of the practical man. The aim of the practical man is, success. His life is a battle. His object is, victory. He toils, not so much for his absolute well being, as for his relative superiority over other men. Other men are his competitors; he can not help regarding them as rivals. The gentle sympathies which bind man to his fellows, the kindly interest in the human race which is inborn in every one; the innate feeling which led the old pagan Roman to say

Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto,

is continually repressed, and supplanted by sentiments of antagonism and suspicion.

While his life develops largely the faculties used in it, shrewdness, quickness, energy, persistence and practical sense; his other qualities rust from disuse. Science and literature surround him, but he gives them no thought. His mind gradually

narrows down to the field in which it is employed. Here he deals with merchandise, machinery, tools, mute, unquestioning servants to do his bidding. Here he finds clerks, laborers and other subordinates who obey him. He lives in a narrow compass when he is ruler. In the end, he gets to believe that his own little sphere is the whole world; he undervalues and forgets whatever is without it; whatever happens to be of no use there, he stamps as absolutely useless. Thoughts which have no place there, he regards as nonsense. He is too apt to consider his little stock of information as the sum total of knowledge; the results of his experience as the whole of wisdom; and what has happened to please him, as the ultimata of excellence.

His continual, keen strife; his eager watchfulness to get the greatest amount of his neighbor's property in exchange for the smallest amount of his own; his continual rising upon the losses of others, tends with the best, to make him selfish.

After all, his ambition is far from being the highest; in fact, it is a low ambition. It is ambition to accumulate property, to grow rich. He toils for wealth himself, and reveres it in others. In a community of practical men, wealth is an idol. In a society wholly made up of them, Shakspeare, while writing those pages from which successive generations draw their choicest pleasure; Newton evolving those laws upon which modern physical science leans; Locke, writing that essay which is the cornerstone and starting point of modern psychology, would starve unrespected and unnoticed.

In fine, the whole life of the practical man tends to eliminate and discard every thing spiritual from his nature. He contends with physical obstacles; uses physical means; toils for material wealth. His life and aspirations all draw him towards materialism; and materialism is atheism.

In all these particulars, the scholar is the opposite. His aim is different, his life is different, his implements are different. His studies acquaint with the history of the long growth of learning, and carry him through the universe of nature. He is at every step made to feel his deficiencies. He finds that every body, even the most ignorant, knows at least something which he does not, and that the whole sum of human knowledge is itself a small thing compared with omniscience.

If we divide the objects of knowledge into two, the spiritual universe, and the material universe, the scholar tells us that our knowledge of the first is a shadow. Of the one infinite Spirit, nothing is known but what He has chosen to reveal. When we attempt of ourselves to grasp his attributes, we are foiled by the impossibility of finite beings compassing the infinite. Of the other countless spirits whom we believe to inhabit the universe, unseen by human vision, the scholar tells us there are guesses, but no knowledge. There is but one spiritual being of which we have knowledge, the human soul. Of this one being, indeed, the scholar declares he has knowledge. He drops his plummet to the very depths of consciousness. He presents a chart of its faculties, motives, will, and modes of acting. But, unhappily, different scholars report different soundings and often discrepant charts.

For definite knowledge, then, we must turn to the material universe, and ask the scholars of each science in turn, the general result of their labors.

The astronomer, peering through his telescope, looks beyond

our system of worlds with their attendant moons, passes one after another the nebulæ, island universes in the ocean of space, until the telescope reaches the limit of its power, and can penetrate no farther. This limit, beyond which all is sealed to human vision, is the outer boundary of human knowledge. The infinity beyond, is inscrutable; the finity within, encloses all that man can know. In so much of this included immensity as lies beyond our solar system, the scholar points to some stars and some nebulæ to which he has given names; gives an exceedingly rude guess at the distances of a few, a still ruder guess at the motions of others, and that is absolutely all he knows. For knowledge, he brings us down to our own familiar little bunch of planets. Here he can tell the sizes, and the weight, and the distances, and the motions of these round balls, but nothing more. What these round balls are made of, what manner of beings inhabit them, what has been their history, indeed, whether or not they are inhabited, he can not tell. They are nothing more than so many round balls swinging in a certain manner around the largest. For full knowledge, he brings us down to our own little earth. Even here the scholar tells us much of the surface is unexplored, and every year he is telling of new mountains, rivers, islands, seas, rocks and shoals discovered. As for what is beneath, the surface has been scratched so slightly, that he does not know whether the globe is solid or hollow; whether the centre is cold rock, or a molten mass. The scholars of the natural sciences tell us they are only beginning. Every walk they take brings them upon new species of animals, birds, reptiles, fish, insects, plants, or whatever each one is studying. The mineralogist is each day finding new substances; the chemist new combinations; the

geologist new fossils, and sometimes, as in the late discoveries in Wisconsin, a complete era in creation.

The microscope unfolds new realms. Each handful of ocean sand is seen to teem with new families of shells; each drop of water, with new tribes of animal life. The internal texture of all animal and vegetable substances is seen to be as complete, and yet as diversified, as animals and plants. For every branch of physical science which has been explored by the eye, the microscope reveals a correllative, the beginning of which, only, is known. The farther we penetrate into matter, the greater are the discoveries which are unfolded. But, the power of the microscope has a limit, and all that is beyond, remains unrevealed. Here we are brought to another impassable barrier. In one direction, the telescope reveals a boundary beyond which man can not penetrate; in the opposite direction, the microscope discloses another. The whole possible of human learning is cooped up between these two limits. Yet of what lies between these two limits, the scholar tells us he has yet discovered only some rude, initiative fragments. What is known, is only a hint to what lies undiscovered. He has only deciphered the sign post which points towards the road to knowledge.

Meagre and scanty as is the aggregate of learning about the works of creation, the scholar fairly tells us that the information concerning the works of man, is hardly more full. The histories and ephemeral records of the present day, confessedly narrate only an infinitesimal portion of what really happens. The history of former times is still more meagre. The most elaborate histories tell the exploits of only a few men. Millions die unremembered for one whose acts are registered. Moreover, what is

called the historical period, is but a short fragment in the life of the world. And the histories of this period are challenged, disputed, and called by others than Walpole, a tissue of fiction. As for the other, the greater part of the life time of the world, the scholar, pointing here and there to a fragmentary urn, a battered coin, a mouldering, tree covered mound, the sole remnant of nations which have passed away, confesses his despairing ignorance. The world then appears a grave-yard of nations, where every epitaph is defaced, and every monument crumbled. By these confessions, gathered from the various departments of scholars, we see that the sum total of human knowledge is a mere point. Each scholar from his own lookout gazes upon an untrodden infinity stretching before him. Humanity has but reached the shore of the ocean of knowledge and been spattered with its spray.

Yet, minute as this sum total is, compared with what is unknown, no man has mastered more than an exceedingly small proportion of it. The scholar, leading us through the great libraries of the world, and pointing to the gathered learning of ages, shows a mass of which the lifetime of Methusaleh would be spent in reading the title pages. Leading us among living students, he shows each group so engrossed in its own specialty as to be ignorant often of the existence of others. He shows that one who would have more than a superficial smattering must confine himself to a small department. We see one man who is called great, yet who knows little beyond some classes of fossils; another is famous, who is almost ignorant beyond the limits of a certain branch of chemistry. The historian is eminent almost in proportion as he contracts the field of his study. Small

indeed as is the hill of human science, yet the difference between the learning of any two men, is as the difference between two grains of sand at the base. He feels his ignorance and admits it. He makes us feel our ignorance. He humbles our pride, and makes the vanity of learning preposterous.

His labors moreover tend to cherish the feeling of sympathy for the human race, which is repressed by the tendencies of the practical man. He is every day bringing to light new facts which make us feel more vividly our identity with man in all time. He points out that in ages long past, men had not only the same passions, the same wants, the same tastes, the same caprices; but also the same institutions, the same customs, the same trades, luxuries and household comforts with ourselves. Nay, even our most peculiar American customs have been anticipated. He shows us in the constitution offered by the emperor Honorius to the seven provinces of Gaul, a tolerable hint of our federal constitution; in a decision of a monkish court in Rheims in the tenth century he shows a precedent for the law of American slavery even as laid down by Judge Sharkey; in many French land-holders in the ninth century, he points to a perfect type of the American land speculator and layer out of towns in the wilderness; in the oracle of Dodona, he shows an anticipation of our spirit rappers; and in the plays of Aristophanes, he reads the best satire yet written, of the American stump orator, of the strong minded woman and of Bloomerism. He brings home our affinity with all mankind. While the practical man finds himself in a world of opponents, and sees little connection between himself and the past, the scholar sees around him a race of brothers, and looking through the vista of ages, seems to see a gallery of family portraits.

The scholar's life itself, is as good a lesson as any that he teaches. His labor is, in its very nature, disinterested. He toils, not for wealth, but for knowledge; not for aggrandizement, but for truth. He traverses the sands of Sahara, and the ice of the Arctic circle, he exiles himself from society and abandons the pursuit of wealth, to devote every thing to his calling. He asks for no exclusive property in his acquisitions; he labors for the common good. Whatever he discovers, he gives at once to the world. He strives to get knowledge, knowing that he can not be sole owner of it. He toils for it, knowing that when gained it will be, and intending that it shall be, the common property of all who would share it. His life is a standing rebuke to every thing sordid.

So the scholars all over the world are helping each other. A discovery made, a new step taken, by one, is a gain, an advance, to all. They offer a model of mutual dependence, and mutual trust.

In the labor of the scholar, it is the mind that chiefly toils. Toiling minds come in contact with each other. Intellect keeps company with intellect. Moreover, the student of psychology and ethics simply investigates mind. Scholars of science are busied in tracing out the works of the divine mind.

Still farther, many scholars tell us that in the last result of science, they can find in the material world no operative force, except the human will, and the ever acting will of God; that what we call the laws of nature—the law of gravitation—of electricity, magnetism, are only the modes in which he chooses day by day to move the particles of matter. His omnipresence then, becomes startlingly real. We feel ushered face to face

into his awful presence, and know his being by seeing it. Every step brings home the reality of spiritual existence. The whole tendency of the scholar is, to check the drifting of the age towards materialism.

The scholar, then, can look the practical man in the face, and assert his usefulness. He is useful in a higher sense than his catechiser thought of. He ministers to our physical wants; he gratifies the cravings of the mind, which are as exacting, and quite as important; and he cultivates the finer part of our nature, which is neglected and injured, in exclusive devotion to practical business.

This high calling imposes great duties. The scholar is not a taster of intellectual dainties, a gourmand of intellectual food. To be true to himself, his life must be a life of toil. His law is progress. He must ever be adding something to the existing fund of knowledge. Then as his labor is one of ceaseless activity, so his proper condition is one of absolute freedom. No subject is so trival that he may not notice; none so high that he shall not question it. He cannot be confined in any direction without risk of deranging his development elsewhere. Every repression of learning puts the growth of learning away. No one moreover is competent to put his finger and say "this matter shall not be inquired into, we know enough of this." For what man or set of men, shall define the ultimate of mankind. Censorship is more impudent than it is wicked. The American scholar, indeed, has no fear of ecelesiastical thunder, no dread of the iron chains of official censorship, or the gilded fetters of individual patronage, yet even he is not free from the rule of public opinion, an arbiter quite as peremptory, and at times, quite as

harsh, nor from the incubus of theories hoary with age. Men who want to keep their opinions, and are too indolent, or too weak to defend them, are impatient of investigation and ready to crush it. The true man of science, however, will discard any theory, by whatever names it is sanctioned, as soon as it is found to be inconsistent with facts, and every true scholar is regardless of public opinion; his aim is independent of applause or censure. A disinterested and absolutely unrestrained use of the faculties which Providence has entrusted to him, may, in time, arrive at true knowledge; but when his inquiries are cramped and confined, he can not possibly attain to the whole Indeed, in the field where investigation has been most jealously watched, the advantage of the scholar's complete freedom has been most perfectly shown. The inquiries of the German critics of the school of Eichhorn and Strauss, were profoundly deprecated; many would have suppressed them altogether. Yet now that the smoke of battle is cleared away, two results are made clearer than they were before. First, that if the Gospels are genuine, the miracles are historical facts:second, that the Gospels are genuine. Geology was at one time a tabooed thing. Now geology shows that in former ages the whole animal life on the world was destroyed, buried, fossilized, and that races entirely new, were not born or developed, but created in their place. What is this but a miracle on a grand scale? Geology shows that this miracle has been often repeated, and hence brings proof of the actual fact of miracles, wholly aside from the Scripture testimony of particular miracles. On the very topic, therefore, wherein, by reason of its great importance, we are most jealous of investigation, the freest inquiry

results in the completest satisfaction. The scholar, therefore, engaged in any inquiry, will absolutely shut his eyes and close his ears upon aught that would put limit to his research.

It is equally his duty to be sincere. He is not to strive to establish a theory, to gain a victory, to win fame. And when for such a purpose, he distorts a fact, or suppresses it, or makes an uncandid use of it, he belies his calling, and so far, ceases to be a true scholar.

Both the Practical man and the Scholar, therefore, have their work to do; both are needed in the world. The one is needed to support the present life; the other to develop our intellectual being. A nation of one would be a sordid race; a people of the other would soon starve. But a type Practical man, or a type Scholar, such as I have described, has hardly ever been seen. Each one is an element of character, rather than a character. They are intellectual temperaments, like the bodily temperaments; they are found blended in different proportions, in all persons, and, in due combinations, they help each other. The scholastic and elegant Di Medici, were most successful merchants, and Mr. Grote is said to have written the best history of Greece, partly by reason of his experience in business life.

The complete character, requires both. With us there is little fear that the practical temperament will lie dormant. The necessities of the time, the temperament of the people, the ambition for fine houses, rich furniture, and expensive living, the prevalent standard of success, the reverence paid to wealth, give a feverish activity to it. The scholastic temperament is in much greater danger of dying out. The graduated student soon finds

those studies which were once his delight, are abandoned; one by one, he sees them drifting away at first with despairing regret, then with callous indifference, as he hardens into the mere money making man. All should welcome the monitor which awakens the Scholar slumbering within us. All welcome then to day. The student exults in it as an ovation to learning; the toil worn man of the world, revisiting his alma mater, is reinvigorated by it like Antæus touching the earth.

Gentlemen of the Philomathesian Society of the Graduating
Class:

I am deputed to present to you these diplomas. Their value depends upon yourselves. Every day, we hear diplomas sneered at as mere "bits of parchment." And, indeed, their money value is not great. But a piece of ribbon is considered a gift worthy of an emperor; a few ivy leaves were considered the noblest present from the united States of Greece. Their value is representative. The soldier prizes the ribbon, because it is a badge of glory; the old Greek valued the ivy leaves, for they represented world renowned triumphs. These diplomas are clustered over with memories of your college life. To day your college competitions and rivalries are all over; your scholastic life under these pleasant shades is drawn to a close; your college friendships, more intimate and dearer than any which you will form hereafter, are about to be severed.

Has olim meminisse juvabit.

As you prize these memories, so will you value these bits of parchment. And however practical you may become, they will, I hope, help to keep the scholar alive within you.



